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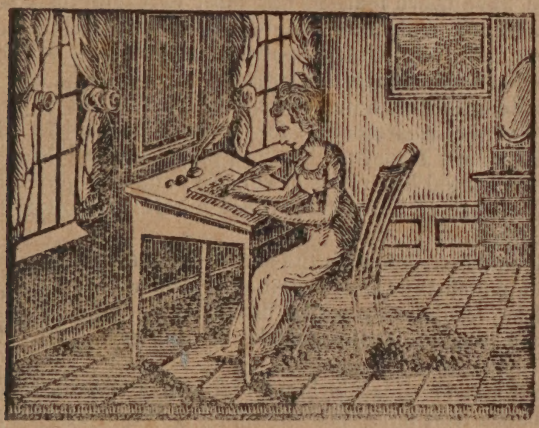
No. 50.
EVANGELICAL TRACTS.

THE

# DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Extracted from an authentick and interesting Narrative,

*Communicated by a Clergyman of the Church of England.*



I first became acquainted with the Dairyman's Daughter by the reception of a letter.....*Page 2.*

IT is a delightful employment to trace and discover the operations of divine grace, as they are manifested in the dispositions and lives of God's real children. It is peculiarly gratifying to observe how frequently, among the poorer classes of mankind, the sunshine of mercy beams upon the heart, and bears witness to the image of Christ which the Spirit of God has impressed thereupon. Among such the sincerity and simplicity of the christian character appear unencumbered by those fetters to spirituality of mind and conversation, which too often prove a great hinderance to those who live in the higher ranks. Many are the difficulties which riches, polished society, worldly importance, and high connexions, throw in the way of religious profession.

Happy indeed it is, (and some such happy instances I know,) where grace has so strikingly supported its conflict with natural pride, self-importance, the allurements of luxury, ease, and worldly opinions, that the noble and mighty appear adorned with genuine poverty of spirit, self-denial, humble-mindedness, and deep spirituality of heart.

But, in general, if we want to see religion in its purest character, we must look for it among the poor of this world, who are rich in faith. How often is the poor man's cottage the palace of God? Many of us can truly declare, that we have there learned our most valuable lessons of faith and hope, and there witnessed the most striking demonstrations of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God.

The character which the present narrative is designed to introduce to the notice of my readers, is given *from real life and circumstance:* I first became acquainted with the Dairyman's Daughter by the reception of a letter, in which she stated her views of religion, and acquainted me with the death of her sister, whose funeral she requested me to attend.

I was much struck with the simple and earnest strain of devotion which the letter breathed. And as soon as it was read, I inquired who was the bearer of it.

"He is waiting at the outside of the gate, Sir," was the reply.

I went out to speak to him; and saw a venerable old man, whose long hoary hair and deeply wrinkled countenance commanded more than common respect. He was resting his arm and head upon the gate, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. On my approach, he made a low bow, and said,

"Sir, I have brought you a letter from my daughter; but I fear you will think us very bold in asking you to take so much trouble."

"By no means," I replied, "I shall be truly glad to oblige you and any of your family in this matter."

I desired him to come into the house, and then said,

"What is your occupation?"

"Sir, I have lived most of my days in a little cottage, six miles from here. I have rented a few acres of ground and kept a few cows, which, in addition to my day labour, has been my means of supporting and bringing up my family."

"What family have you?"

"A wife, now getting very aged and helpless; one son, and one daughter; for my other poor dear child is just departed out of this wicked world."

"I hope, for a better."

"I hope so too; poor thing, she did not use to take to such good ways as her sister; but I do believe that her sister's manner of talking with her before she died, was the means of saving her soul. What a mercy it is to have such a child as mine is! I never thought about my own soul seriously till she, poor girl, begged and prayed me to flee from the wrath to come."

"How old are you?"

"Turned seventy, and my wife is older: we are getting old and almost past our labour; but our daughter has left a good place, where she lived in service, on purpose to come home and take care of us and our little dairy. And a dear, dutiful, affectionate girl she is."

"Was she always so?"

"No, Sir; when she was very young, she was all for the world, and pleasure, and dress, and company. Indeed we were all very ignorant, and thought if we took care for this life, and wronged nobody, we should be sure to go to heaven at last. My daughters were both wilful, and, like ourselves, were strangers to the ways of God and the word of his grace. But the eldest of them went out to service, and some years ago she heard a sermon preached; and from that time she became quite an altered creature. She began to read the Bible, and became quite sober and steady. The first time she came home afterwards to see us, she brought us a guinea which she had saved from her wages, and said, as we were getting old, she was sure we should want help; adding, that she did not wish to spend it in fine clothes, as she used to do, only to feed pride and vanity. She would rather show gratitude to her dear father and mother; and this, she said, because Christ had shown such mercy to her.

"We wondered to hear her talk, and took great delight in her company, for her temper and behaviour were so humble and kind, she seemed so desirous to do us good both in soul and body, and was so different from what we had ever seen her before, that, careless and ignorant as we had been, we began to think there must be something real in religion, or it never could alter a person so much in a little time.

"Her youngest sister, poor soul, used to laugh and ridicule her at that time, and said her head was turned with her new ways. 'No, sister,' she would say, 'not my *head*, but I hope my *heart* is turned from the love of sin to the love of God. I wish you may one day see, as I do, the danger and vanity of your present condition."

"Her poor sister would reply, 'I do not want to hear any of your preaching: I am no worse than other people, and that is enough for me.'—'Well, sister,' Elizabeth would say, 'if you will not hear me, you cannot hinder me from praying for you, which I do with all my heart.'

"And now, Sir, I believe those prayers are answered. For when her sister was taken ill, Elizabeth went to wait in her place, and take care of her. She said a great deal to her about her soul, and the poor girl began to be so deeply affected and sensible of her past sin, and so thankful for her sister's kind behaviour, that it gave her great hopes indeed for her sake. When my wife and I went to see her as she lay sick, she told us how grieved and ashamed she was of her past state: but said, she had a hope through grace that her dear sister's Saviour would be her Saviour too; for she saw her own sinfulness, felt her own helplessness, and only wished to cast herself upon Christ as her hope and salvation.

"And now, Sir, she is gone, and I hope and think her sister's prayers for her conversion to God have been answered. The Lord grant the same for her poor father and mother's sake likewise."

This conversation was a very pleasing commentary upon the letter which I had received, and made me anxious both to comply with the request, and to become acquainted with the writer. I promised the good old dairyman I would attend the funeral at the appointed hour.

He was a reverend old man; his furrowed cheeks, white locks, weeping eyes, bent shoulders, and feeble gait, were characteristic of the old pilgrim; and as he slowly departed, supported by a stick, which seemed to have been the companion of many a long year, a train of reflections occurred, which I retrace with emotion and pleasure.

At the appointed hour, I arrived at the church; and after a little while, was summoned to meet at the churchyard gate a very decent funeral procession.

A circumstance occurred during the reading of the burial service, which I think it right to mention, as one among

many testimonies of the solemn and impressive tendency of our truly evangelical liturgy.

A man of the village, who had hitherto been of a very careless and even profligate character, came into the church through mere curiosity, and with no better purpose than that of a vacant gazing at the ceremony. He came likewise to the grave, and, during the reading of those prayers which are appointed for that part of the service, his mind received a deep, serious conviction of his sin and danger, through some of the expressions contained therein. It was an impression that never wore off, but gradually ripened into the most satisfactory evidence of an entire change, of which I had many and long-continued proofs. He always referred to the burial service, and to some particular sentences of it, as the clearly ascertained instrument of bringing him, through grace, to the knowledge of the truth.

The day was therefore one to be remembered. Remembered let it be by those who love to hear "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Was there not a manifest and happy connexion between the circumstances that providentially brought the serious and the careless to the same grave on that day together? How much do *they* lose who neglect to trace the leadings of God in providence, as links in the chain of his eternal purpose of redemption and grace!

"While infidels may scoff, let us adore."

After the service was concluded, I had a short conversation with the good old couple and their daughter. Her aspect and address were highly interesting. I promised to visit their cottage; and from that time became well acquainted with them. Let us bless the God of the poor, and pray continually that the poor may become rich in faith, and the rich be made poor in spirit.

I propose now to give some further account of the Dairyman's Daughter, and hope it may be useful to every reader.

About a week after the funeral of the younger sister, I rode over to visit the family in their own cottage. The principal part of the road lay through retired, narrow lanes, beautifully over-arched with groves of nut and other trees, which screened the traveller from the rays of the sun, and afforded many interesting objects for admiration,

in the beautiful flowers, shrubs, and young trees, which grew upon the high banks on each side of the road. Rich corn-fields were also visible through some of the open places; and now and then, when the road ascended any hill, the sea, with ships at various distances, was seen. But, for the most part, shady seclusion, and beauties of a more minute and confined nature, gave a character to the journey, and invited contemplation.

What do not *they* lose, who are strangers to serious meditation on the wonders and beauties of created nature! How gloriously the God of creation shines in his works! Not a tree, or leaf, or flower; not a bird or insect, but it proclaims in glowing language, "God made me."

As I approached the village where the good old Dairyman dwelt, I observed him in a little field, driving a few cows before him towards a yard and hovel which adjoined his cottage. I advanced very near him, without his observing me, for his sight was dim. On my calling out to him, he started at the sound of my voice, but with much gladness of countenance welcomed me, saying—"Bless your heart, Sir, I am very glad you are come, we have looked for you every day this week."

The cottage door opened, and the daughter came out, followed by her aged and infirm mother. The sight of me naturally brought to recollection the grave at which we had before met. Tears of affection mingled with the smile of satisfaction with which I was received by these worthy cottagers. I dismounted, and was conducted through a very neat little garden, part of which was shaded by two large, overspreading walnut-trees, to the house. Decency and cleanliness were manifest within and without.

This, thought I, is a fit residence for piety, peace, and contentment. May I learn a fresh lesson in each through the blessing of God on this visit.

"Sir," said the daughter, "we are not worthy that you should come under our roof. We take it very kind that you should come so far to see us."

"My master," I replied, "came a great deal farther to visit us, poor sinners. He left the bosom of his Father, laid aside his glory, and came down to this lower world on a visit of mercy and love; and ought not we, if we profess to follow him, to bear each other's infirmities, and go about doing good as he did?"

The old man was now coming in, and joined his wife and daughter in giving me a cordial welcome. Our con-

versation soon turned to the late loss they had sustained; and the pious and sensible disposition of the daughter was peculiarly manifested, as well in what she said to her parents as in what she said to me. I was struck with the good sense and agreeable manner which accompanied her expressions of devotedness to God, and love to Christ for the great mercies which he had bestowed upon her. She seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of my visit to the best purpose for her own and her parents' sake; yet there was nothing of unbecoming forwardness, no self-consequence, or conceitedness in her behaviour. She united the firmness aud earnestness of the christian, with the modesty of the female, and the dutifulness of the Daughter. It was impossible to be in her company, and not observe how truly her temper and conversation adorned the evangelical principles which she professed. I soon discovered how eager and how successful also she had been in her endeavours to bring her father and mother to the knowledge and experience of the truth. This is a lovely circumstance in the character of a young christian.

It have pleased God in the free dispensations of his mercy, to call the child by his grace, while the parent remains still in ignorance and sin, how great is the duty on that child to do what is possible for the conversion of those to whom it owes its birth! Happy is it when the ties of grace sanctify those of nature!

The religion of this young woman was of a highly spiritual character, and of no ordinary attainment. Her views of the divine plan in saving the sinner, were clear and scriptural. She spoke much of the joys and sorrows which, in the course of her religious progress, she had experienced: but she was fully sensible that there is far more in real religion than mere occasional transition from one frame of mind and spirit to another. She believed that the experimental acquaintance of the heart with God, principally consisted in so living upon Christ by faith, as to seek to live like him by love. She knew that the love of God toward the sinner, and the path of duty prescribed to the sinner, are both of an unchangeable nature. In a believing dependance on the one, and an affectionate walk in the other, she sought and found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" "for so he giveth his beloved rest."

She had read but few books beside her Bible; but these few were excellent in their kind, and she spoke of

their contents, as one who knew their value. In addition to a Bible and Common Prayer-Book, "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Romaine's Life," "Walk and Triumph of Faith," "Bunyan's Pilgrim," "Alleine's Alarm," "Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest," a hymn-book, and a few tracts, composed her library.

I observed in her countenance a pale and delicate look, which I afterwards found to be a presage of consumption, and the idea then occurred to me that she would not live many years. In fact, it pleased God to take her hence about a year and half after I first saw her.

Time passed on swiftly with this little interesting family; and after having partaken of some plain and wholesome refreshment, and enjoyed a few hours' conversation with them, I found it was necessary for me to return homewards.

"I thank you, Sir," said the daughter, "for your christian kindness to me and my friends. I believe the blessing of the Lord has attended your visit, and I hope I have experienced it to be so. My dear father and mother will, I am sure, remember it, and I rejoice in an opportunity, which we have never before enjoyed, of seeing a serious minister under this roof. My Saviour has been abundantly good to me in plucking me 'as a brand from the burning,' and shewing me the way of life and peace: and I hope it is my heart's desire to live to his glory. But I long to see these dear friends enjoy the comfort and power of religion also."

"I think it evident," I replied, "that the promise is fulfilled in their case; 'It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

"I believe it," she said, "and praise God for the blessed hope."

"Thank him too, that you have been the happy instrument of bringing them to the light."

"I do, Sir; yet when I think of my own unworthiness and insufficiency, I rejoice with trembling."

"Sir, (said the good old man) I am sure the Lord will reward you for this kindness. Pray for us, that old as we are, and sinners as we have been, yet he would have mercy upon us at the eleventh hour Poor Betsey strives hard for our sakes, both in body and soul; she works hard all day to save us trouble, and I fear has not strength to support all she does; and then she talks to us, and reads to

us, and prays for us, that we may be saved from the wrath to come. Indeed, Sir, she's a rare child to us."

"Peace be to you and to all that belong to you."

"Amen, and thank you, dear Sir," was echoed from each tongue.

Thus we parted for that time. My returning meditations were sweet, and, I hope, profitable. Many other visits were afterwards made by me to this peaceful cottage, and I always found increasing reason to thank God for the intercourse I enjoyed.

A declining state of health became evident in the daughter; and her character, conduct, and experience of the Lord's goodness, increased in brightness as her latter end approached.

The pale wasting consumption, which is the Lord's instrument for removing so many thousands every year from the land of the living, made hasty strides on her constitution. The hollow eye, the distressing cough, and the often too flattering red on the cheek, foretold the approach of death.

I have often thought what a field for usefulness and affectionate attention on the part of ministers and christian friends is opened by the frequent attacks and lingering progress of *consumptive* illness. How many such precious opportunities are daily lost, where Providence seems in so marked a way, to afford time and space for serious and godly instruction! Of how many may it be said, "The way of peace have they not known;" for not one friend ever came nigh, to warn them to "flee from the wrath to come."

But the Dairyman's Daughter was happily made acquainted with the things which belonged to her everlasting peace, before the present disease had taken root in her constitution. In my visits to her, I might be said rather to receive information than to impart it. Her mind was abundantly stored with divine truths, and her conversation was truly edifying. The recollection of it still produces a thankful sensation in my heart.

I one day received a short note to the following effect:

Dear Sir,

I should be very glad, if your convenience will allow, that you would come and see a poor unworthy sinner: my hour glass is nearly run out, but I hope I can see Christ to be precious to my soul. Your conversation has

often been blessed to me, and I now feel the need of it more than ever. My father and mother send their duty to you.

From your obedient, and unworthy servant,

ELIZABETH W———

I obeyed the summons that same afternoon. On my arrival at the Dairyman's cottage, his wife opened the door. The tears streamed down her cheek, as she silently shook her head. Her heart was full. She tried to speak, but could not. I took her by the hand and said,

"My good friend, all is right, and as the Lord of wisdom and mercy directs."

"Oh! my Betsy, my dear girl, is so bad, Sir: what shall I do without her?—I thought I should have gone first to the grave, but——"

"But, the Lord sees good, that before you die yourself, you should behold your child safe home to glory. Is there no mercy in this?"

"Oh! dear Sir, I am very old, and very weak; and she is a dear child, the staff and prop of a poor old creature, as I am."

As I advanced, I saw Elizabeth sitting by the fire-side, supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark of rapid decline and approaching death. She appeared to me within three or four weeks at the farthest from her end. A sweet smile of friendly complacency enlightened her pale countenance, as she said,

"This is very kind indeed, Sir, to come so soon after I sent to you. You find me daily wasting away, and I cannot have long to continue here. My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my weak heart, and I trust will be my portion forever."

The conversation which follows was occasionally interrupted by her cough and want of breath. Her tone of voice was clear, though feeble; her manner solemn and collected, and her eye, though more dim than formerly by no means wanting in liveliness, as she spoke. I had frequently admired the superior language in which she expressed her ideas, as well as the scriptural consistency with which she communicated her thoughts. She had a good natural understanding; and grace, as is generally the case, had much improved it. On the present occasion I could not help thinking she was peculiarly favoured. The whole

strength of grace and nature seemed to be in full exercise.

After taking my seat between the daughter and the mother, (the latter fixing her fond eyes upon her child with great anxiety while we were conversing) I said to Elizabeth,

"I hope you enjoy a sense of the Divine presence, and can rest all upon him who has 'been with thee,' and has kept 'thee in all places whither thou hast gone,' and will bring thee into 'the land of pure delights, where saints immortal reign."

"Sir, I think I can. My mind has lately been sometimes clouded, but I believe it has been partly owing to the great weakness and suffering of my bodily frame, and partly to the envy of my spiritual enemy, who wants to persuade me that Christ has no love for me, and that I have been a self deceiver."

"And do you give way to his suggestions? Can you doubt amidst such numerous tokens of past and present mercy?"

"No, sir, I mostly am enabled to preserve a clear evidence of his love. I do not wish to add to my other sins that of denying his manifest goodness to my soul. I would acknowledge it to his praise and glory."

"What is your present view of the state in which you were before he called you by his grace?"

"Sir, I was a proud, thoughtless girl; fond of dress and finery; I loved the world and the things that are in the world; I lived in service among worldly people, and never had the happiness of being in a family where worship was regarded, and the souls of the servants cared for, either by master or mistress. I went once on a Sunday to church, more to see and be seen, than to pray or hear the word of God. I thought I was quite good enough to be saved, and disliked and often laughed at religious people. I was in great darkness; I knew nothing of the way of salvation; I never prayed, nor was sensible of the awful danger of a prayerless state. I wished to maintain the character of a good servant, and was much lifted up whenever I met with applause. I was tolerably moral and decent in my conduct, from motives of carnal and worldly policy; but I was a stranger to God and Christ; I neglected my soul, and had I died in such a state, hell must, and would justly have been my portion."

"How long is it since you heard the sermon which you hope, through God's blessing, effected your conversion?"

"About five years ago."

"How was it brought about?"

"It was reported that a Mr.————, who was detained by contrary winds from embarking on board ship as chaplain to a distant part of the world, was to preach at ————church. Many advised me not to go, for fear he should turn my head; as they said he held strange notions. But curiosity, and an opportunity of appearing in a new gown, which I was very proud of, induced me to ask leave to go. Indeed, Sir, I had no better motives than vanity and curiosity. Yet thus it pleased the Lord to order it for his own glory.

"I accordingly went to church, and saw a great crowd of people collected together. I often think of the contrary states of my mind during the former and latter part of the service. For a while, regardless of the worship of God, I looked around me, and was anxious to attract notice myself. My dress, like that of too many gay, vain, and silly girls, was much above my station, and very different from that which becomes an humble sinner, who has a modest sense of propriety and decency. The state of my mind was visible enough from the foolish finery of my apparel.

At length, the clergyman gave out his text: 'Be ye clothed with humility.' He drew a comparison between the clothing of the body with that of the soul. At a very early part of his discourse, I began to feel ashamed of my passion for fine dressing and apparel; but when he came to describe the garment of salvation with which a christian is clothed, I felt a powerful discovery of the nakedness of my own soul. I saw that I had neither the humility mentioned in the text, nor any one part of the true christian character. I looked at my gay dress, and blushed for shame on account of my pride. I looked at the minister, and he seemed to be as a messenger sent from heaven to open my eyes. I looked at the congregation, and wondered whether any one else felt as I did. I looked at my heart, and it appeared full of iniquity. I trembled as he spoke, and yet I felt a great drawing of heart to the words he uttered.

"He opened the riches of divine grace in God's method of saving the sinner. I was astonished at what I had been doing all the days of my life. He described the meek, lowly, and humble example of Christ; I felt proud,

lofty, vain, and self-consequential. He represented Christ, as 'Wisdom;' I felt my ignorance. He held him forth as 'Righteousness;' I was convinced of my own guilt. He proved him to be 'Sanctification;' I saw my corruption. He proclaimed him as 'Redemption;' I felt my slavery to sin, and my captivity to Satan. He concluded with an animated address to sinners, in which he exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to cast off the love of outward ornaments, to put on Christ, and be clothed with true humility.

"From that hour I never lost sight of the value of my soul and the danger of a sinful state. I inwardly blessed God for the sermon, although my mind was in a state of great confusion.

"The preacher had brought forward the ruling passion of my heart, which was pride in outward dress; and by the grace of God it was made instrumental to the awakening of my soul. Happy, Sir, would it be, if many a poor girl, like myself, were turned from the love of outward adorning and putting on of fine apparel, to seek that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

"The greater part of the congregation, unused to such faithful and scriptural sermons, disliked and complained of the severity of the preacher. While a few, as I afterwards found, like myself, were deeply affected, and earnestly wished to hear him again. But he preached there no more.

"From that time I was led, through a course of private prayer, reading, and meditation, to see my lost estate as a sinner, and the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ in raising sinful dust and ashes to a share in the glorious happiness of heaven. And oh! Sir, what a Saviour have I found! He is more than I could ask or desire. In his fulness I have found all that my poverty could need; in his bosom I have found a resting place from all sin and sorrow; in his word I have found strength against doubt and unbelief."

"Were you not soon convinced," said I, "that your salvation must be an act of entire grace on the part of God, wholly independent of your own previous works or deservings?"

"Dear Sir, what were my works before I heard that sermon, but evil, carnal, selfish, and ungodly? The

thoughts of my heart, from my youth upward, were only evil, and that continually. And my deservings, what were they, but the deservings of a fallen, depraved, careless soul, that regarded neither law nor gospel? Yes, Sir, I immediately saw that if ever I were saved, it must be by the free mercy of God, and that the whole praise and honour of the work would be his from first to last."

"What change did you perceive in yourself with respect to the world?"

"It appeared all vanity and vexation of spirit. I found it necessary to my peace of mind to come out from among them and be separate. I gave myself to prayer; and many a precious hour of secret delight I enjoyed in communion with God. Often I mourned over my sins, and sometimes had a great conflict through unbelief, fear, temptation to return back again to my old ways, and a variety of difficulties which lay in my way. But he who loved me with an everlasting love, drew me by his loving kindness, showed me the way of peace, gradually strengthened me in my resolutions of leading a new life, and taught me that while without him I could do nothing, I yet might do all things through his strength."

"Did you not find many difficulties in your situation, owing to your change of principle and practice?"

"Yes, Sir, every day of my life. I was laughed at by some, scolded at by others, scorned by enemies, and pitied by friends. I was called hypocrite, saint, false deceiver, and many more names, which were meant to render me hateful in the sight of the world. But I esteemed the reproach of the cross an honour. I forgave and prayed for my persecutors, and remembered how very lately I had acted the same part towards others myself. I thought also that Christ endured the contradiction of sinners, and, as the disciple is not above his Master, I was glad to be in any way conformed to his sufferings."

"Did you not then feel for your relatives at home?"

"Yes, that I did indeed, Sir; they were never out of my thoughts. I prayed continually for them, and had a longing desire to do them good. In particular I felt for my father and mother, as they were getting into years, and were very ignorant and dark in matters of religion."

"Ay," interrupted her mother, sobbing "ignorant and dark, sinful and miserable we were, till this dear Betsey—this dear dear Betsey—this dear child, Sir, brought Christ Jesus home to her poor father and mother's house."

"No, dearest mother, say rather, Jesus Christ brought your poor daughter home to tell you what he had done for her soul, and I hope, to do the same for yours."

At this moment the Dairyman came in with two pails of milk hanging from the yoke on his shoulders. He had stood behind the half-opened door for a few minutes, and heard the last sentences spoken by his wife and daughter.

"Blessing and mercy upon her," said he, "It is very true; she would leave a good place of service on purpose to live with us, that she might help us both in soul and body. Sir, don't she look very ill? I think, Sir, we shan't have her here long."

"Leave that to the Lord," said Elizabeth. "All our times are in his hand, and happy it is that they are. I am willing to go; are not you willing, my father, to part with me into *his* hands, who gave me to you at first?"

"Ask me any question in the world but that," said the weeping father.

"I know," said she, "you wish me to be happy."

"I do, I do," answered he: "let the Lord do with you and us as best pleases him."

I then asked her, on what her present consolations chiefly depended, in the prospect of approaching death.

"Entirely, Sir, on my view of Christ. When I look at myself, many sins, infirmities and imperfections, cloud the image of Christ which I want to see in my own heart. But when I look at the Saviour himself, he is altogether lovely; there is not one spot in his countenance, nor one cloud over all his perfections.

"I think of his coming in the flesh, and it reconciles me to the sufferings of the body; for he had them as well as I. I think of his temptations, and believe that he is able to succour me when I am tempted. Then I think of his cross, and learn to bear my own. I reflect on his death, and long to die unto sin, so that it may no longer have dominion over me. I sometimes think on his resurrection, and trust that he has given me a part in it, for I feel that my affections are set upon things above. Chiefly I take comfort in thinking of him as at the right hand of the Father, pleading my cause, and rendering acceptable even my feeble prayers, both for myself, and, as I hope, for my dear friends.

"These are the views which, through mercy, I have of my Saviour's goodness; and they have made me wish and

strive in my poor way to serve him, to give myself up to him, and to labour to do my duty in that state of life into which it has pleased him to call me.

"A thousand times I should have fallen and fainted, if he had not upheld me. I feel that I am nothing without him. He is all in all.

"Just so far as I can cast my care upon him, I find strength to do his will. May he give me grace to trust him to the last moment! I do not fear death, because I believe he has taken away its sting. And oh! what happiness beyond!—Tell me, Sir, whether you think I am right. I hope I am under no delusion. I dare not look for my hope at any thing short of the entire fulness of Christ. When I ask my own heart a question, I am afraid to trust it, for it is treacherous, and has often deceived me. But when I ask Christ, he answers me with promises that strengthen and refresh me, and leave me no room to doubt his power and will to save. I am in his hands and would remain there; and I do believe that he will never leave nor forsake me, but will perfect the thing that concerns me. He loved me and gave himself for me, and I believe that his gifts and callings are without repentance. In this hope I live, in this I wish to die."

I looked around me as she was speaking, and thought, "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Every thing appeared neat, cleanly and interesting. The afternoon had been rather overcast with dark clouds; but just now the setting sun shone brightly and rather suddenly into the room. It was reflected from three or four rows of bright pewter plates and white earthen-ware arranged on shelves against the wall: it also gave brilliancy to a few prints of sacred subjects that hung there also, and served for monitors of the birth, baptism, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ.

A large map of Jerusalem, and an hieroglyphic of "the old and new man," completed the decorations on that side of the room. Clean as was the white-washed wall, it was not cleaner than the rest of the place and its furniture. Seldom had the sun enlightened a house where cleanliness and general neatness (those sure attendants of pious and decent poverty) were more conspicuous.

This gleam of setting sunshine was emblematical of the bright and serene close of this young christian's departing season. One ray happened to be reflected from a little

looking-glass upon the face of the young woman. Amidst her pallid and decaying features there appeared a calm resignation, triumphant confidence, unaffected humility, and tender anxiety, which fully declared the feelings of her heart.

Some further affectionate conversation, and a short prayer, closed this interview.

As I rode home by departing day-light, tranquillity characterised the scene. The gentle lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep just penned in their folds, the humming of the insects of the night, the distant murmurs of the sea, the last notes of the birds of day, and the first warblings of the nightingale, broke upon the ear, and served rather to increase than lessen the peaceful serenity of the evening, and its corresponding effects on my own mind. It invited and cherished just such meditations as my visit had already inspired. Natural scenery, when viewed in a christian mirror, frequently affords very beautiful illustrations of divine truths. We are highly favoured, when we can enjoy them, and at the same time draw near to God in them.

Soon after this I received a hasty summons to inform me that my young friend was dying. It was brought by a soldier, whose countenance bespoke seriousness, good sense, and piety.

"I am sent, Sir, by the father and mother of Elizabeth W——— at her own particular request, to say, how much they all wish to see you. She is going *home*, Sir, very fast indeed."

"Have you known her long?" I replied.

"About a month, Sir; I love to visit the sick: and hearing of her case from a serious person who lives close by our camp, I went to see her. I bless God that ever I did go. Her conversation has been very profitable to me."

"I rejoice, (said I,) to see in you, as I trust, a *brother soldier*. Though we differ in our outward regimentals, I hope we serve under the same spiritual Captain. I will go with you."

My horse was soon ready. My military companion walked by my side, and gratified me with very sensible and pious conversation. He related some remarkable testimonies of the excellent disposition of the Dairyman's Daughter, as they appeared from some recent intercourse which he had with her.

"She is a bright diamond, Sir," said the soldier, "and will soon shine brighter than any diamond upon earth."

Conversation beguiled the distance, and shortened the apparent time of our journey, till we were nearly arrived at the Dairyman's cottage.

As we approached it, we became silent. Thoughts of death, eternity, and salvation, inspired by the sight of a house where a dying believer lay, filled my own mind, and, I doubt not, that of my companion also.

No living object yet appeared, except the Dairyman's dog, keeping a kind of mute watch at the door; for he did not, as formerly, bark at my approach. He seemed to partake so far of the feelings appropriate to the circumstances of the family, as not to wish to give a hasty or painful alarm. He came forward to the little wicket gate, then looked back at the house door, as if conscious there was sorrow within. It was as if he wanted to say, "Tread softly over the threshold, as you enter the house of mourning; for my master's heart is full of grief.

I gently opened the door; no one appeared, and all was still silent. The soldier followed; we came to the foot of the stairs.

"They are come," said a voice, which I knew to be the father's; "They are come."

He appeared at the top; I gave him my hand, and said nothing. On entering the room above, I saw the aged mother and her son supporting the much loved daughter and sister; the son's wife sat weeping in a window seat with a child on her lap; two or three persons attended in the room to discharge any office which friendship or necessity might require.

I sat down by the bed-side. The mother could not weep, but now and then sighed deeply, as she alternately looked at Elizabeth and to me. The big tear rolled down the brother's cheek, and testified an affectionate regard. The good old man stood at the foot of the bed, leaning upon the post, and unable to take his eyes off the child whom he was so soon to part from.

Elizabeth's eyes were closed, and as yet she perceived me not. But over her face, though pale, sunk, and hollow, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, had cast a triumphant calm.

The soldier, after a short pause, silently reached out his Bible towards me, pointing with his finger at 1 Cor.

xv. 55, 56, 58. I then broke silence by reading the passage, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

At the sound of these words her eyes opened, and something like a ray of divine light beamed on her countenance, as she said, "Victory, victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She relapsed again, taking no further notice of any one present.

"God be praised for the triumph of faith," I said.

"Amen," replied the soldier.

The Dairyman's uplifted eye showed that the Amen was in his heart, though his tongue failed to utter it.

A short struggling for breath took place in the dying young woman, which was soon over, and then I said to her,

"My dear friend, do you not feel that you are supported?"

"The Lord deals very gently with me," she replied.

"Are not his promises now very precious to you?"

"They are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

"Are you in much bodily pain?"

"So little that I almost forget it!"

"How good the Lord is!"

"And how unworthy am I."

"You are going to see him as he is."

"I think..... I hope..... I believe that I am."

She again fell into a short slumber.

Looking at her mother, I said, "What a mercy to have a child so near heaven as yours is!"

"And what a mercy," she replied in broken accents, "if her poor old mother might but follow her there. But, Sir, it is so hard to part—'

"I hope through grace by faith you will soon meet, to part no more; it will be but a little while."

"Sir, said the Dairyman, "That thought supports me, and the Lord's goodness makes me feel more reconciled than I was."

"Father..... mother,"..... said the reviving daughter, "he is good to me..... trust him, praise him evermore."

"Sir," added she in a faint voice, "I want to thank

you for your kindness to me. . . . . I want to ask a favour; . . . . you buried my sister . . . . will you do the same for me?"

"All shall be as you wish, if God permit," I replied.

"Thank you, Sir, thank you . . . . I have another favour to ask . . . . When I am gone remember my father and mother. They are old, but I hope the good work is begun in their souls . . . . . My prayers are heard . . . . Pray come and see them . . . . I cannot speak much, but I want to speak for their sakes . . . . Sir, remember them."—

The aged parents now sighed and sobbed aloud, uttering broken sentences, and gained some relief by such an expression of their feelings.

At length I said to Elizabeth, "Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of your safety?"

"No, Sir, the Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace."

"What are your views of the dark valley of death, now that you are passing through it?"

"It is not dark."

"Why so?"

"My Lord is *there*, and he is my light and my salvation."

"Have you any fears of more bodily sufferings?"

"The Lord deals so gently with me; I can trust him."

Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past, she said again and again,

"The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me . . . Blessed Jesus . . . precious Saviour . . . His blood cleanseth from all sin . . . . Who shall separate? . . . . His name is Wonderful . . . . Thanks be to God . . . . He giveth us the victory . . . . I, even I, am saved . . . . O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my spirit . . . . Dear Sir, . . . . dear father, mother, friends, I am going . . . . but all is well, well, well———."

She relapsed again—We knelt down to prayer—The Lord was in the midst of us, and blessed us.

She did not again revive while I remained, nor ever spake any more words which could be understood. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of the Lord, who had dealt so gently with her.

I left the house an hour after she had ceased to speak, I pressed her hand as I was taking leave, and said, "Christ

is the resurrection and the life." She gently returned the pressure, but could neither open her eyes, nor utter a reply.

I never had witnessed a scene so impressive as this before. It completely filled my imagination as I returned home.

"Farewell," thought I, "dear friend, till the morning of an eternal day shall renew our personal intercourse. Thou wast a brand plucked from the burning, that thou mightest become a star shining in the firmament of glory. I have seen thy light, and thy good works, and will therefore glorify our Father which is in heaven. I have seen in thy example, what it is to be a sinner freely saved by grace. I have learned from thee, as in a living mirror, *who* it is that begins, continues, and ends the work of faith and love. Jesus is all in all; he will and shall be glorified. He won the crown, and alone deserves to wear it. May no one attempt to rob him of his glory; he saves, and saves to the uttermost. Farewell, dear sister, in the Lord. Thy flesh and thy heart may fail; but God is the strength of thy heart, and shall be thy portion forever."

I was soon called to attend the funeral of my friend. She breathed her last shortly after my visit. On my way, the sound of a tolling bell struck my ear. It proceeded from a village church, and was poor Eliza's funeral knell. It was a solemn sound, but it seemed to proclaim at once the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, and the necessity of the living pondering these things, and laying them to heart.

On entering the cottage, I found that several christian friends, from different parts of the neighbourhood, had assembled together to show their last tribute of esteem and regard to the memory of the Dairyman's Daughter.

I was requested to go into the chamber where the relatives and a few other friends were gone to take a last look at the remains of Elizabeth.

If there be a moment when Christ, and salvation, death, judgment, heaven, and hell, appear more than ever to be momentous subjects of meditation, it is that which brings us to the side of a coffin containing the body of a departed believer.

Elizabeth's features were altered, but much of her likeness remained. Her father and mother sat at the

head, her brother at the foot of the coffin, manifesting their deep and unfeigned sorrow. The weakness and infirmity of old age added a character to the parents' grief, which called for much tenderness and compassion.

A remarkably decent looking woman, who had the management of the few simple though solemn ceremonies which the case required, advanced towards me, saying,

"Sir, this is rather a sight of joy than of sorrow. Our dear friend Elizabeth finds it to be so, I have no doubt. She is beyond *all* sorrow. Do you not think she is, Sir?"

"After what I have known, and seen, and heard," I replied, "I feel the fullest assurance, that while her body remains here, her soul is with her Saviour in Paradise. She loved him *here*, and *there* she enjoys the pleasures which are at his right hand forevermore."

"Mercy, mercy, upon a poor old creature almost broken down with age and grief, what shall I do? Betsey's gone. My daughter's dead. Oh! my child, I shall never see thee more! God, be merciful to me a sinner!" sobbed out the poor mother.

"That last prayer, my dear good woman," said I, "will bring you together again. It is a cry that has brought thousands to glory. It brought your daughter thither, and I hope it will bring you there likewise. He will in no wise cast out any that come to him."

"My dear," said the Dairyman, breaking the long silence he had maintained; "let us trust God with our child; and let us trust him with our own selves. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord! We are old, and can have but a little farther to travel in our journey, and then,"—he could say no more.

The soldier, before mentioned, reached a Bible into my hand, and said, "Perhaps, Sir, you would not object to reading a chapter before we go to the church."

I did so; it was the fourteenth of the book of Job. A sweet tranquillity prevailed, while I read it. Each minute that was spent in this funeral chamber, seemed to be valuable. I made a few observations on the chapter, and connected them with the case of our departed sister.

"I am but a poor soldier," said our military friend, "and have nothing of this world's goods beyond my daily subsistence; but I would not exchange my hope of salvation in the next world, for all that this world could bestow

without it. What is wealth without grace? Blessed be God, as I march about from one quarter to another, I still find the Lord wherever I go, and thanks be to his holy name, he is here to-day in the midst of this company of the living and the dead. I feel that it is good to be here."

Some other persons present began to take a part in the conversation, in the course of which the life and experience of the Dairyman's Daughter were brought forward in a very interesting manner; each friend had something to relate in testimony of her gracious disposition. One distant relative, a young woman under twenty, who had hitherto been a very light and trifling character, appeared to be remarkably impressed by the conversation of that day; and I have since had ground to believe that divine grace then began to influence her in the choice of that better part, which shall not be taken from her.

What a contrast does such a scene as this exhibit, when compared with the dull, formal, unedifying, and often indecent manner in which funeral parties assemble in the house of death!

But the time for departure to the church was now at hand. I went to take my last look at the deceased. According to the custom of the place, she was decorated with leaves and flowers in the coffin. With pleasure I called to mind her last words, "Death is swallowed up in victory;" and, as I slowly returned, said inwardly, "Peace my sister, be to *thy* memory, and to *my* soul, till we meet in a better world."

In a little time the procession formed; it was rendered the more interesting by the consideration of so many that followed the coffin, being persons of truly serious and spiritual character.

After we had advanced about a hundred yards, my meditation was unexpectedly and most agreeably interrupted by the friends who followed the family beginning to sing a funeral psalm. Nothing could be more sweet or solemn.

We at length arrived at the church. The service was heard with deep and affectionate attention. When we came to the grave, the hymn, which Elizabeth had selected, was sung. All was devout, simple, decent, animating. We committed our dear friend's body to the grave in full hope of a joyful resurrection from the dead.

Thus was the vail of separation drawn for a season. She is departed and no more seen. But she *will* be seen

at the right hand of her Redeemer at the last day; and will again appear to his glory, a miracle of grace, and a monument of mercy.

My reader, rich or poor, shall you and I appear there likewise? Are we "clothed with humility," and arrayed in the wedding garment of a Redeemer's righteousness? Are we turned from idols to serve the living God? Are we sensible of our own emptiness, flying to a Saviour's fulness to obtain grace and strength? Do we live in him, and on him, and by him, and with him? Is he our all in all? Are we "lost and found?" "dead, and alive again?"

My *poor* reader, the Dairyman's Daughter was a *poor* girl, and the child of a *poor* man. Herein thou resemblest her; but dost thou resemble *her*, as she resembled Christ? Art thou made *rich* by faith? Hast thou a crown laid up for thee? Is thine heart set upon heavenly riches? If not, read this story once more, and then pray earnestly for like precious faith. If, through grace, thou dost love and serve the Redeemer that saved the Dairyman's Daughter, grace, peace and mercy be with thee. The lines are fallen unto thee in pleasant places: thou hast a goodly heritage. Press forward in duty, and wait upon the Lord, possessing thy soul in holy patience. Thou hast just been with me to the grave of a departed believer. Now go thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

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NOTE. The mother died about six months after her daughter; and I have good reason to believe, that God was merciful to her, and took her to himself. May every converted child thus labour and pray for the salvation of their unconverted parents. The father continued after her, and adorned his old age with a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. Whether he yet lives, I know not; but probably before this time, (1812,) the daughter and both her parents are met together in "the land of pure delights, where saints immortal reign."

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